

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1862.

APOSTASY.

CAN there be any need of a note of warning on this point to those who have been made perfect in love? Not if they *abide* in Christ.

"Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm."

"We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide."

Nor is this all poetry. It is a confidence based on a surer word of promise. "My sheep hear my voice," says the good Shepherd, "and I know them, and they follow me; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." But this does not imply that the sheep may not wander and stray at such a distance from the fold that the voice of Christ is no longer heard. The words give great encouragement to persevering faith, but were never designed to inspire Laodicean confidence. Safety is associated only with the closest proximity to Christ,—nay, not proximity, merely, but the most intimate *union*. This, then, is the great life-work of the holy Christian, to maintain with godly jealousy the bond of humble, loving, obedient faith. Let this once be broken, and our declension, though at first so gradual that we are hardly sensible of it, goes on progressing with the greater rapidity as we wander from the great centre of spiritual life. It is a fearful fact, also, that the depths to which we may sink are always proportioned to the heights to which we have been elevated. The angels, who kept not their first estate, being a higher order of intelligences, and having dwelt in clearer light, have sunk to a point infinitely below what man can reach,—and he, whose house (heart) has been swept and garnished, if brought again under demoniacal dominion, is sevenfold more the child of hell than before; or, as the Scripture expresses it, "The last state of that man is worse than the first." Dr. Clarke, in his comment on these words, says, "His soul, before influenced by the Spirit of God, dilated and expanded under its heavenly influences, becomes more capable of refinement in iniquity, as its powers are more capacious than formerly. Evil habits are formed and strengthened by relapses; and relapses are multiplied and become more incurable through new habits." Clarke on Matt. xii. 45. If these be the dangers to which we are exposed, warnings are

never out of place, nor can they be too frequently urged.

We introduce this subject to the attention of our readers, because we believe we are passing through a season of great peril. We conceive one of the ways in which Satan diverts the eye of the soul from Christ, is by stimulating the mind and affections of man to a point where they cease to be controlled by supreme love to Christ, or, in other words, to a point where the soul is jostled out of its perfect poise in God. Hence, times of great public excitement are seasons when the holy Christian needs to set a double watch over himself, though the subject of the excitement may be lawful and proper. Take as an illustration, most apposite to the times, the present war. Every principle of justice, as we think, seems to demand its vigorous prosecution. A palpable wrong is in the land, which can only be corrected by the violent measures of brutal force. While we sicken at the awful carnage, and with Christ weep at the desolations which a blinded people are bringing on themselves, we rejoice at every blow that brings us nearer to a final adjustment. Just to this point we can probably go without losing our balance; but let us overstep this boundary,—and the transition is natural and easy,—let us slide into the partisan and ambitious spirit by which the masses are moved, and call it patriotism or whatever you will, the heart cuts loose from its moorings, and becomes exposed to the violent assaults of the enemy. The same principle might be illustrated by our family affections, and the provision we are called to make for those dependent on us, both of them right in their place, and to a certain limit; but transcend that limit, and parental love even becomes idolatry, and the prudential care which a man must exercise for his own flesh merges into a spirit of avarice and lust for affluence.

We regard the present a period of peculiar danger, because we live amid influences which are almost overpowering. The highest sentiments are appealed to in justification of the present struggle. Patriotism, the maintenance of governmental authority, the suppression of slavery and its kindred evils, the deliverance from oppression of families who, in consequence of their loyalty, have been rendered homeless and penniless, and other things involved in this war, force it with irresistible interest on our minds. Take heed, beloved, that it does not absorb every holy element in your being. Your danger begins when Christ ceases to be the Alpha and Omega,—the beginning and the end. We care not how just the cause, how good in itself, the moment it supplants Christ, it becomes a snare, a source of evil to you. Your heart may be drawn out to it at first from pure zeal for God, for right; but unless you keep Christ paramount, it will become entangled in meshes from which you will find it difficult to recover. God knows we hate slavery, we hate rebellion, and we would do nothing to weaken opposition to it; but we would, on our

knees, if need be, beseech those who have been made partakers of the heavenly gift, and tasted of the word of life, and the power of the world to come, to hold every emotion under subserviency to the higher life.

The effect of our troubles on some minds is to draw them still nearer to Jesus. Every blast of the storm, every surge of popular commotion, leads them, like the vine, to cling closer to their living Head; but that it is having an opposite influence on others is too evident to be denied. We would not, however, act the part of a censor or judge. Our sole motive is to warn—not others only, but ourselves. With Paul, beloved, let us resolve to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and pray that he may be

* * * “the sea of love,
Where all our pleasures roll;
The circle where our passions move,
And centre of our soul.”

THE PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

AMONG many excellent exchanges there are few we so highly prize as the one above named. It is characterized by a high tone of piety and a discriminating judgment; and take it altogether is a most excellent family paper. Price \$1.25 per annum. S. H. NESBITT, Editor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RASH VOWS.—Our correspondent A. N. Z. is not the first that has suffered from rash and hasty vows. Satan takes advantage of human weaknesses, and the impulsive are always open to his assaults in this direction. Vows have the sanction of Scriptural example, both in the Old and New Testament; nor can there be any doubt that the human mind is sometimes moved in this direction by the Holy Ghost. We think we are safe in saying, however, that, when a vow presented to the mind involves anything that does not have the sanction of a “Thus saith the Lord,” or, in other words, of Bible authority, we should ponder it well before we adopt it. We do not say that the Holy Scripture may not move us to incorporate in a vow a matter of which no special mention is made in the Bible; but we do think that we should be fully persuaded of the mind of the Spirit before deciding the point. Wherever a vow involves anything that the Scriptures condemn, it should be instantly repelled as a suggestion from Satan. It was a hasty vow to resolve not to leave a certain place of prayer till a particular individual was converted, because it involves that over which the person making the vow had no control, i. e., the repentance and submission of the individual referred to. Vows to devote a certain portion of our time or money to the service of the Lord should be carefully considered before made; but, when made, the vow should be performed, unless providential circumstances—such as health, the demands of equity, &c., &c.—should render it impossible for us to do so. Vows are solemn engagements, especially so when made unto the Lord. “Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God.” A. N. Z. should not allow Satan to make this an occasion of stumbling to her. Our heavenly Father knows our weaknesses, and pities more than he blames, especially if we be drawn into error by a sincere though mistaken desire to please him. The past should be a beacon-light in governing our future, but never be allowed to destroy our confidence in God, or weaken our determination to do right.

BOOK NOTICES.

SPIRITUAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS BOOK, No. 1. William White & Co. 1862.

Such is the title of a small work neatly printed on tinted paper, to be followed, as we are informed, in an accompanying circular, by others, as the favor which it may meet from the public may indicate. We are, also, in the same circular, respectfully requested to recommend it if we deem it calculated to do good. Spiritualism we believe to be from beneath, and like everything else from that source, tending to evil, only evil, and that continually. Whether we have good ground for such an opinion, a few brief extracts from this little catechism will enable our readers to judge. Speaking of the Commandments, the author says:—

“Some of the commandments of Christ it would seem impossible to obey, particularly the one which says, ‘Take no thought for what ye shall eat, drink or wear.’ He taught men to govern by love rather than by resistance; to not take life from him that taketh life; to not steal liberty from him that steals money; but instead of doing that again which we punish others for doing, to govern men who do these evil deeds, by the influence of love and kindness.”

Again. After teaching the monstrous and absurd error that “Sincerity is truth,” and that consequently we should not oppose beliefs that differ from ours, the teacher is made to ask his scholar whether he would “blame or speak ungenerously of an infidel or an atheist,”—to which the scholar is instructed to reply, —

“No; for infidels and atheists, I think, are God’s children, the same as church members are. God made all his children, and takes care of them; he makes them to differ in their beliefs. God is good, and all that he has made is good.”

“Your feelings toward beliefs that differ from your own,” says the teacher, “are very kind and charitable. Have you any authority for accepting all beliefs as being right?” &c.

“Yes,” answers the scholar. “St. Paul says ‘Charity believeth all things,’ and of all the virtues ‘charity is the greatest.’ And I have the authority of my own persuasions, too, which are sincere.”

Our limits will not allow of further quotations. Enough have been given to show the Christian who has the curiosity to delve into Spiritualism, the end of the road which he has begun to travel! We now have in press a work by the Rev. William McDonald, giving a history and exposition of this mystery of iniquity, which all who have the least tendency in this direction should read; and the friends of Jesus should sow it broadcast wherever this blighting curse has found its way.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known :
D. C. And oft escaped the tempters snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief ;

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
1. Sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief ;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2.
Sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,

Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.
Sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer !
May I thy consolation share ;
'Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

AUGUST, 1862.

FILIAL PIETY.

A SERMON.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." — *Exodus xx. 12.*

SEVERAL circumstances invest this command with peculiar emphasis. One of these is, that it is a member of the decalogue, and so entitles its observance to rank among the cardinal virtues. Another is, that it has a promise, in which God pledges a special benediction upon him who obeys it. The character of this benediction, too, is worthy of note. For the most part the covenanted blessings of God are of a spiritual nature, and are dispensed silently upon the heart, or are to be conferred in another state of being. But the blessings promised to filial dutifulness here, while they include all spiritual mercies, are to consist of those favors of a material and obvious character, which seem to indicate the divine purpose to bestow his gracious rewards in this case, publicly, before the families of the earth, and thus demonstrate before all men his special approval of our fidelity to him in the reverence we bestow upon those who gave us being.

Among the laws for the government of the ancient Hebrew people, is the following remarkable statute: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or the

voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, 'This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard;' and all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die. So shalt thou put away evil from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

"Very severe," I hear you say; and so it was, as were also many other statutes of the same code. But it was marvelously adapted to its end. It vested unlimited control over their children in parents, and this was undoubtedly best for the imperfect state of society then existing.

It suspended the very life of every young man upon the testimony of his parents touching his dutifulness to them. As an expedient of government, it seems to have been highly successful; since there does not appear ever to have been an execution under its provisions, and from all we know of domestic life among the Hebrews, we infer a measure of filial piety greatly in advance of the nations about them.

A Jewish father and mother of the olden time, surrounded with their large family of deferential and obedient children of various ages, — for the ancients,

much wiser than the moderns herein, coveted large families,—present a striking contrast in history with some of our modern American families, where father and mother wear their lives out in indulging, and petting, and hoarding for one or two spoiled children.

But my address to-day is primarily to the youthful part of the congregation, and I wish to consider, —

I. WHAT IS IMPLIED IN THIS COMMAND.

1. *Obedience* to parental authority.

It is true that habits of obedience in a child must commonly result from the judicious exercise of parental authority at a period too early for the moral suasions of a sermon like the present; still, the suggestions I am about to offer will not be lost, I hope, even upon children of very tender years.

If, then, we would honor our parents, we must, first of all, *obey them*. They have a *right* to say what we shall do, and where we shall go. It is more than this, it is their *duty*. God *commands them* to control us, and they would be *guilty* if they were to refuse to do it. This arrangement is all *for our benefit*, since God, who made the law, knows that our parents love us tenderly, and desire our best good. He knows, too, that they are older than we, and know much better than we do what will be for our good; so that in commanding us to do as they direct he is only giving us the use of their riper experience and better judgment, as if they were our own. If each one of these children who hear me this day knew just as much as father and mother know, then each one of you would see that it is *best for you* to do the very thing which your parents tell you to do.

Your obedience should be *uniform*, for if we only obey our parents when they tell us to do just what we desire to do, it is really no obedience at all.

It should be *prompt and unhesitating*.

It is very painful to our parents to be obliged to speak to us several times when they wish us to do anything for them or for ourselves; or to have us stand and ask questions why we must do it, or why some one else cannot do it, or to hear us say that we cannot do it before we try. Perhaps we can do it. If our parents tell us to do anything, however hard, we ought to try with all our might before we say I can't, and if there be time we ought to keep trying. Boys cannot *skate* when first they try. Boys cannot *swim* when first they try. And how do they ever learn? Why, by trying to do what they can't do, till by and by they *can* do it. That is the way you learned to *talk*. That is the way you learned to *walk*. That is the way you learned to read and spell, and cipher, and parse. Therefore, when your parents tell you to do something that seems very difficult, try at once, try hard, and try again, and give your dear father or mother the pleasure to see how very much you desire to do as they say.

But we should obey *cheerfully* and *pleasantly* also. It is to be feared that many young persons inflict much suffering on their parents by the *manner* and *spirit* in which they comply with their wishes. They obey, but they seem to grudge whatever they do in compliance with their parents' wishes, and so, though they obey, yet they often inflict a sort of penalty upon their parents for the duties they have enjoined upon them.

Parents have sometimes been heard to say, "I had rather do it myself than to get Mary or Willie to do it." To obey our parents as if it were a very great pleasure to gratify their wishes is to fulfil the command of the text, and to confer a great pleasure on those to whom we are more indebted than to any other, God alone excepted.

2. The second thing implied in honoring our parents is *Reverence*.

There is a tendency to irreverence of

the aged, which develops itself among certain classes of young persons to a very painful extent, and the tendency does sometimes exhibit itself in want of respectful treatment to parents. Now, we should reverence our parents by the titles we give them, by the tone and phraseology we use in conversing with them, and by avoiding all mention of or allusion to their frailties, if they have them, in our intercourse with others.

Allow me here to speak to a specialty in the condition of many of our American youth. You have advantages which your parents never had. Your education and your social accomplishments are, possibly, quite superior to theirs.

Now, I do not ask you not to be conscious of the fact where it exists, but I do ask you never, in word, or look, or tone, or gesture, to express it. You are in some danger of doing it, but I beg of you be on your guard. Reflect, I beseech you, on the toil and care, and rigid economy practised by your parents, to make you what you are, and consider how much they must have loved you to induce them to practise all this self-denial in order to raise you above themselves. Do not fail, then, to present your higher attainments as a tribute of respect to them by every act of the most dutiful attention and regard.

3. Another item in the honor we owe our parents I will call *Coöperation*.

The great majority of families in the earth subsist by toil, either of brain or muscle; mostly the latter. In every house, and in every line of business, there are cares; and in every family sons and daughters, grown and growing up, can very easily oppress the feelings of their parents through mere thoughtlessness, by neglecting to volunteer any share in the domestic cares.

The young lady who seeks only her own gratification in dress, amusements, company, and excursions of pleasure, with no thought of her portion of the

cares at home, or of her mother's feeble health, or of the long lone hours she must spend during her daughter's absence, inflicts a wound upon her mother's feelings, none the less deep or painful because it is borne in silence.

There is, indeed, a beauty in the unselfish and loving attentions which young persons are sometimes seen to bestow upon their parents, which eclipses most other specimens of the morally beautiful; and I know nothing better adapted to win the admiration of good men, and the sympathy of angels and the smile of God, than the conduct of those children who voluntarily share with their poor parents the self-denial and toil incident to their lot.

A few years ago, in one of our cities, a widow was struggling and toiling on to feed and clothe her four children. The oldest of these was a boy nine years old. Though small of his age, he determined to assist his mother in her efforts. He went begging, not for money, nor for bread, but for work, and finally was able to get work, where he could earn something less than a dollar by working hard all the week. By great industry and diligence he was able to earn a little more, and a little more, and every penny was carried home with great delight to be put in the scanty treasury there. Returning home one evening after spending a sad day (for his mother had told him in the morning that all the food was gone), he saw in the moonlight something shining on the pavement before him. He picked it up, and when he saw it was a half dollar, he held it tight in his hand, and put his hand down in his pocket, and then ran, still holding it tenaciously as if afraid it would somehow escape, and when he reached home he hastened to give his mother what she so much needed, and what he only prized on her account. This is a specimen of the filial piety of that little boy, through all his early life. He afterwards became a very eminent

man, and a very noted and useful minister. So God will honor those who honor their father and mother.

II. WHY SHOULD WE HEED IT?

That God is the author of the injunction is reason enough for our taking heed to it, even if we could not see any reason for it ourselves. What he commands is always right, though from the littleness of our capacity to understand his ways, and the narrowness of our views touching the relations of things, we are not always able to see the reasonableness of all his injunctions. But we can see many reasons why we should obey the command "Honor thy father and thy mother."

1. Our parents are entitled to be thus honored by us in view of what they have done for us. Let us not forget what care, and pains, and toil, by night and by day, our young lives cost our dear parents; how they watched over us in sickness, how sincerely they rejoiced in our recovery; how they toiled for our support, and what heavy loads of care they volunteered to bear, that we might have leisure for study and improvement. Now, who but a very ungrateful and sinful youth could have a heart to repay all this sacrifice and painstaking with neglect, disobedience, and selfish stubbornness?

2. The real happiness of every young person is to a large degree staked on obedience to this command. There is, in fact, no real joy for either parent or child in that house where the spirit of insubordination prevails; where parents are not honored, and children are not obedient and respectful; whereas the earth scarcely presents a more lovely spectacle than a well-ordered house.

3. But the subjection of ourselves to discipline, the practice of obeying law, is a necessary qualification for the duties of life. There is really no hope for the success of a youth who goes forth wayward, untrained, and full of self-will, to take his part in life's great drama, to bear its ills

and oppressions, to accept and duly return its courtesies and to obey its laws. The coarse and lawless youth, that would not be restrained, that would not yield to the discipline of home, will find, when he goes abroad, that he is destitute of the elements of character which that discipline would have given him, and that in that destitution he is vitally wanting in all the elements of respectability and success in life. How common to see such persons, after a few ineffectual attempts to gain position, subside into the very lowest stratum of society, and spend their lives in mortification and defeat, if not in vice.

4. God in his providence often honors those who thus obey him in the honor they bestow on their parents. I was much impressed with this in reading the account of the last days of ex-President Polk. Quite late in life he experienced religion, it seems, and, though he knew he could not live many days, he desired to receive the sacraments and leave his name in the church of Christ on earth. His preference was that the Rev. Mr. M. should officiate. His mother much desired he should call her pastor, and receive the sacraments at his hands, and she urged her preferences upon her son, it is said, with earnestness and persistence. At length Mr. Polk said, "Mother, you know I never disobeyed you in my life, but I pray you let me have my choice this time." She yielded the point, of course, and the man who at fifty years of age could say, "I have never disobeyed my mother," went, in a few months after he had left one of the highest seats of earth, as we humbly trust, to his seat in paradise.

5. The text says, "That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Is there not something remarkable in the fact that such a kind of promise should be appended to this particular command? What connection is there naturally between filial dutifulness and length of days? Do all

dutiful children live to be aged? Does every disobedient child die early? To these very pertinent queries I will give two answers. The first is, that the promise appears to relate, in a large measure, if not mainly, to the national life. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Now, there is a very natural relation and connection between the due observance of domestic order and the stability of the state. A population composed of persons who have formed their characters amid the wholesome restraints and trainings of a well-ordered household, has, in its own character, the elements of stability, and national greatness, and perpetuity.

Many philosophers have wondered at the longevity of the Chinese Empire; and perhaps the phenomenon of a nation pervaded by an ancient type of barbarism, and exhibiting externally very little military strength, yet living on, century after century, and age after age, till all its old compeers are dead, is only to be accounted for by the fact that in China, more than in any other land, filial piety abounds. Look forth upon the nations to-day, and do we not see them all illustrating this truth? Are not English homes the base of the English throne? Is not the lack of home-virtues the weakest point in French nationality? Did not the stern, old-fashioned domestic discipline of New England make her people great among the States? And, finally, would the present terrible rebellion have been able to gather head and find countenance and shelter under the wing of the government of any people under heaven who had been trained from childhood to reverence authority? When the present rebellion shall have been subdued, as I pray it may be, and the smoke and dust of the strife shall have blown away, so that men can look coolly back and explore the sources of the difficulty, I do not doubt it will be seen that low views of

the regard due to law, just such as come of a lawless childhood, constituted the great damaging fact in the character of American statesmen and of the American populace, by which treason was allowed to stalk unblushingly about the capital, and defaulters, and thieves, and robbers — known to be such — were tolerated in the high places of the government. I solemnly believe that laxness of domestic discipline, with the consequent low views of the obligation to obey law, was the thing, and really the *only* thing, that prevented the government from arresting the leading conspirators years ago, and making an example of them that should have strangled the rebellion at the birth. We dignify the slowness of the government to move by the title "moderation;" but among the nations of the earth I suspect we shall stand alone in the definition. By the common verdict of mankind I doubt not it will be pronounced the weakness that comes of a decayed public conscience. Slavery, doubtless, is the immediate and real cause of the civil war in America, but our low views of the duties and prerogatives of government are what have allowed the rebellion to attain maturity and proportion, and to threaten, as for a time it did threaten, the very life of the nation; and if the nation had been utterly ruined in the fratricidal strife, it would, I firmly believe, have been an illustration, on a grand scale, of penalty falling on empire for the breach of the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

But though the words of the text are applicable to the national life, they are also applicable to the individual life. In both applications they assert a great principle in God's providential administration, namely, that dutifulness to parents is a virtue conservative of national and of individual life. Look at the promise, then, in its application to persons,

and remember God's blessing is upon the dutiful child, and that it is said of wisdom, "length of days is in her left hand."

Consider, again, that the number of days a man continues to breathe is not the real measure of his life;—"That life is long which answers life's great end;" and then add the large number of lives that are sacrificed as the direct result of disobedience to parents. Looking over the chapter of accidents with which our papers teem, and gleaning out and preserving the lists for a year, what accumulated illustrations will you get of the truth of this remark. "Scalded"—"Died of eating green fruit"—"Burned to death"—"Drowned"—"Refused medicine"—"Would attend the ball when in poor health"—"Refused to wear adequate clothing"—"Fought and fell in a duel"—"Ran away and went to sea, or joined the army."

Thus we see the connection between obedience to the text and national stability and length of individual life.

In conclusion, allow me to say, parents have a special duty to perform in connection with this subject. It is a duty which God has laid on us that are parents that we should bring up a child in the way he should go—train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I fear some of us think we are at liberty to do as we please about governing our children; and so, as it is some trouble to curb and break their wills, we choose to let them have their own way to a large extent. Many persons yield up their judgment to a foolish and hurtful tenderness for their children, by which the latter are quite spoiled. Others say they have no talent for government, and thus excuse themselves from a duty the neglect of which may send the soul of a child to hell.

Christian parents! what are you thinking of in allowing your dear children to grow up in utter disregard of all authority? Do you not know that your con-

duct, in thus refusing to control and train them, is preparing them to violate the civil law, and to trample on God's in its turn? And do you not know that, should they become pious by the great mercy of God, and in spite of what you are doing to prevent it, they will find a chief obstacle to their successful prosecution of their holy calling in the force of those early habits of self-indulgence and insubordination which you are cherishing? I beg you to stop it from this hour. As you would not bring the curse of God upon your own soul and the souls of your children, break off from this sin by righteousness. Repent and bring forth works meet for repentance. The work of governing and disciplining our children should be begun early, and prosecuted with a steady hand and with much prayer. Our children know that it is our place, our duty, to govern them, whatever they may say, and however they may feel for the moment; and it is a rare thing for an ungoverned child not to despise the parents who have failed to do their duty in this thing.

Again, if we would have our children honor us, we must be honorable;—honorable in our general conduct with men, strict to our promise, punctual to our engagements, faithful in our friendships.

Especially ought we to be honorable in our treatment of our children themselves; never deceiving them by false promises or by false alarms; never tantalizing them; never speaking contemptuously to them nor of them.

Finally, if we would have our children honor their father and their mother, then father and mother must honor each other. A dignified and respectful carriage, on the part of parents toward each other, has much to do in securing for each of them the reverence of their children.

In this matter, as in every other, God's order is best for all parties, and for both worlds. A well-ordered Christian family approximates nearest to our best ideas of

heaven of any object the earth presents, and it is possible for each parent, and each child and youth who hears me this day, to do something to lift up, at least, one home in the land into a closer resemblance with its eternal antitype.

TRUE MEASURE OF VIRTUE — HOW GOD ESTIMATES IT.

THERE are many men that I look upon with respect, not because I think they are godly of character, not because I think them to be exemplars of virtue; I know they are nothing of the sort; but because I think that they put forth more moral heroism to do a little, than many others do to do a great deal. For you that are worth a million of dollars to have your house handsome, and your grounds all glowing with beauty, is not much, because you have so much to do it with. But there is that poor woman. Between chills and fever she does her daily washing. She is pale of face and attenuated of hand. She carries her burdens to and fro on a back weary from too much toil. But there is a restless love for the beautiful in her; and in the morning, while you yet sleep, long before the birds call her, she is up to give an hour or two to the cultivation of her little bed of flowers. She diminishes her sleep and rest, that she may have the reward of joy in beauty. And when you pass by her white cottage, and see the jasmine and honeysuckle climbing up about the windows and doors, do you say, "What is that, compared with Cushing's garden?" If you knew the woman, and knew what she had to work with, and knew how poor she was, would not you say, "I declare, that is a nobler sight than the stateliest garden that ever king had?" A crown can afford to have a garden, but when it comes from a poor woman's palm, you judge by what she has, and not by what she has not. It was thus that the Saviour judged, when he said that the poor widow

who gave but two mites gave more than all the rich folks did.

Now, you are like that poor woman. You are trying to plant for God. God is just and kind in judgment, and he says that if, according to the powers you have, you are endeavoring to serve him, he will take your few flowers, and give you remuneration, not according to what you have given to him, but according to the greatness of the heart to which you have given.

EFFECT OF TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD.

I HAVE noticed from my windows that when there is a storm outside, the whole harbor is covered with craft that have run in — ships, and brigs, and schooners, and sloops innumerable; and that the moment the storm has passed by, and the barometer has risen, out they glide, and go on their journey. God is the soul's harbor; and when the storms of trouble come upon the sea of life hundreds of men make for that harbor, and there find shelter and rest. And the legitimate effect of trouble in this world is to drive the soul toward God. There is many a Christian man that never would have been a Christian if it had not been for the trouble that he has gone through, and that has led him to put his trust in the sustaining power of God.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND. — There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled."

EXPERIENCE OF REV. J. A. WOOD.

(Continued from page 11.)

I HAD always been much prejudiced against persons losing their strength; consequently, as might be expected, when the Holy Ghost came upon me in the stand, surrounded by some thirty preachers, it was God's order to take control of both body and soul, and swallow me up in the great deep of his presence and power.

After about three hours, I regained sufficient strength to walk to the tent, and we commenced a meeting for the promotion of holiness. I told the brethren and sisters my purpose to ask their prayers as a seeker of holiness, and that Jesus had forstalled my design by accepting my soul the moment I consented to stand up for holiness, and was willing to be anything or do anything to obtain it.

And let me here say, that a willingness to humble myself, and take a decided stand for holiness, and face opposition to it in the church, and take the odium of being a professor of holiness in Binghamton, where that doctrine had been trailing in the dust for years, constituted the turning point with me. After I reached that point I seemed to have no special consciousness of believing, or submitting, or of making any effort; my whole being seemed simply and without effort to be borne away to Jesus.

Our meeting continued all night; and such a night I never experienced before. A large number of my leading members present commenced seeking holiness; and about every half hour during that whole night the glorious power of God came down from the upper ocean in streams as sweet as heaven. At times it was unspeakable and almost unendurable. It was *oppressingly* sweet — a *weight of glory*.

Every time the power of God came, one or more souls entered the land of Beulah, the Canaan of perfect love. Some shouted; some laughed; some wept; and a

large number lay prostrate from three to five hours, beyond the power of shouting or weeping. Hallelujah to the great God! those present will never forget that night of refining and sanctifying power.

What I received at the time Jesus sanctified my soul, was only a drop in the bucket compared to what it has since pleased him to impart. Since that hour, the deep and solid communion my soul has had with God, and the rich baptisms of love and power, have been "unspeakable and full of glory."

"O, matchless bliss of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a feast,
And makes me here a constant guest
With Jesus, priests, and kings."

At times I have had an overwhelming sense of the divine presence, and a sacred unction has pervaded my whole being. Especially this has been my experience while called to profess or defend this glorious salvation. O, how God has stood by and helped me in vindicating the doctrine and profession of holiness! I have often felt if there was but one man in the world to stand up for holiness, in God's name I would be that man.

The divine fragrance imparted to my soul, when the Saviour cleansed and filled it with pure love, I have never lost for one hour, and I trust and pray I never may. The thought of that hour brings ever an indescribable sweetness in my soul. I make a record of this to the glory of God. Glory, honor, and eternal praise be to his blessed name, forever and ever! His own arm hath brought salvation to my feeble, helpless soul. And I do love the Lord my God with all my heart, soul, and strength. Yet I am nothing, and Jesus is my all. Sweet portion! O the blessedness of this inward, spiritual kingdom! O the depths of solid peace my soul has felt! It has often been

"A sacred awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

O, to know that God is mine; to feel that he dwells in my heart, rules my will, my affections, my desires; to know that he loves me ten thousand times better than I love him,—O, what solid bliss is this!

"My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

And now, after more than two years and a half, during which to scrutinize and test the work of that hour, I am constrained to say I *know* the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all sin. I say this with a profound sense of my feebleness and unworthiness; for,—

"'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me."

O that I could describe the feelings of gratitude in my heart to God for past mercies, present favors, and future prospects.

Well may the poet exclaim,—

"O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there."

Some of the precious results of the cleansing power of Jesus in my soul have been,—

1. A sacred nearness to God my Saviour. The distance between God and my soul has appeared annihilated, and the glory and presence of divinity have often appeared like a flood of sunlight, surrounding, penetrating, and pervading my whole being. Glory be to God, that even the most unworthy may be "brought nigh by the blood of Christ."

2. A sense of indescribable sweetness in Christ. The fact that he is "the rose of Sharon," "the lily of the valley," "the brightness of his (the Father's) glory," and "is altogether lovely," has at times so penetrated my soul as to thrill and fill it with ecstatic rapture. O how glorious and lovely has the dear Saviour appeared to my soul, and how strong the attraction my heart has felt toward him!

Often his glory has shone upon my soul without a cloud.

3. A deep, realizing sense of the *reality* of spiritual things. Bible truth has appeared as transformed into solid reality. The doctrines of the gospel have become to me tangible facts, and my soul has triumphed in them as an eternal *verity*.

4. A surprising richness and fulness of meaning in the Scriptures, which I had not before realized. Many portions of the word, which I had hitherto but little understood, and taken but little interest in, now appeared full of meaning, and exceedingly precious to my soul. The following passages have been applied many times to my soul with great power: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may *abide with you forever*; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; *but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*" . . . "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and *we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*" . . . "Now ye are *clean* through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye *abide in me.*" . . . "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." . . . "God is *love*; and he that *dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* *Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world.* There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. *He that feareth is not made perfect in love.*"

5. A complete satisfaction and resting in Christ. Since then there has been no favorable response from within to temptations from without. Before I often found

elements in my heart siding with the tempter, and felt that all was not right within. There appeared to be an aching void, or a place in my soul which grace had never reached. But since Jesus sent the refining fire through and through my poor heart, I have been sweetly assured that grace has permeated every faculty and fibre of my being, and scattered light, love, and saving power through every part. Hallelujah to God! I have found satisfaction, rest, and exultation in Christ.

6. A great increase in spiritual power. This I have realized in my closet devotions, in my pastoral duties, and especially in the ministrations of the blessed truth. Blessed be the Lord, I have learned by experience that men may receive the Holy Ghost in *measure*, limited only by their *capacity* to receive and feeble *ability* to endure. God could easily bless men beyond the power of the body to endure and live, if he were disposed to take them to heaven in that way.

This increase of power has delivered me from all slavish fear of man, or of future evil. It has given me such a love to the Saviour and to his glorious gospel as to make all my duties sweet and delightful. Truly, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

7. A clear and distinct witness of purity through the blood of Jesus. The testimony of the Holy Spirit, and of my own spirit, to the entire sanctification of my soul, has been more clear and convincing than any I ever had of my regeneration; although I had no doubts of that for years before the Lord extirpated inbred sin from my soul. "Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight."

Dear reader, how I wish I could tell you how clear and sweet the light of purity has shone through the very depths of my soul! How I wish I could tell you the complete satisfaction I have realized since I obtained this pearl of great price! If I could only tell you all about the full

and perfect love of Christ! But, O, it can never be told! Its fulness, its richness, and its sweetness can never be expressed! You can know it only by experience, and this is your solemn duty and most exalted privilege. Will you not seek it? Will you not begin now? A holy life is the happiest life, the easiest life, and the safest life you can live. O, be persuaded to settle the matter at once, and begin now to seek for purity, and never yield the struggle until you obtain the glorious victory!

It may cost you a severe struggle; but victory will be yours if you only persevere. When you have once become *fully decided* that you will never cease *consecrating*, *praying*, and *believing* until you have obtained the blessing, you will have surmounted your greatest difficulty, and it will not be long before the streams of pure love will flow through the depths of your soul.

AT THE LAST.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide;
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide;
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded in the evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth
bear

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burthen of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer's evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight, round our sleeping clay.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

How to teach and how not to teach sanctification, are among the most important theological questions of the day. As taught in the beginning of the Wesleyan reformation, it exerted a potential influence in the church. It has since sunk into decay. Why? Many things, perhaps, have aided to paralyze its power. Among them, and certainly neither the latest born nor least potential, is controversy. In our newspaper and magazine reading of years we have seen but little on this subject not controversial. Its writers do not expound, teach, apply, enforce; they debate and often wrangle. Controversy, within certain limits, is necessary and productive of good. But on the doctrine of sanctification it has been carried too far. Discussions, reaching over years, sometimes between heated contestants, have brought the church to look on sanctification as a knotty theological question—an abstraction—a metaphysical subtilty. Nothing could be more unfortunate. And no remedy exists for the evil, but to take the doctrine of sanctification, for a time, entirely out of the region of controversy. Enforce it by teachings, explanations, illustrations, and unblemished lives, but quit arguing. This will help to recover the doctrine to the church in all its power and attractiveness.

An unhappy comparison of sanctification with justification and regeneration is another fruitful source of the disrepute into which this doctrine has fallen. We have letters before us, written for publication in the *Advocate*, that adventure on such comparisons. One distinguishes between "wholly sanctified" and "scripturally sanctified." Another thinks it is not the duty of all Christians to be "entirely sanctified." And a third asserts that justified and regenerated persons who die without it are lost eternally, unless there is a death purgatory. It is a small matter to say that these views are in irrecon-

cilable conflict—that they cannot all be true—that all are unguarded, and perhaps even rash. But the evil stops not here. The doctrine, exhibited in such contradictory lights, suffers. Our imperfections are made to affect the sublime teachings of the Word of God. We submit that it is dangerous to unduly magnify one Christian grace at the expense of another. The world is growing distrustful of theories and theologies built upon one idea. We injure the doctrine of sanctification by invidious comparisons. Let it remain where the Scriptures place it. Neither unduly exalt nor depress it.

The doctrine of sanctification is often most seriously injured in the lives of its friends. These are incompatible with their high professions. They fail to adorn the doctrine and teachings of Christ. Such lives are found here and there in the church, inflicting, by their inconsistency, fatal blows on the highest attainments of Christian experience. But this is not true of all. The lives of many have been as pure, beautiful, devout, as their professions were high. There never can be any want of testimony here while the biographies of Fletcher, Carvosso, Bramwell and Hester Ann Rogers remain in the church. "Faithful among many false," they bear steady testimony to the attainability of an uninterrupted and rapturous divine fellowship, making the life fruitful in every good word and work. But men are apt to forget every instance of fidelity in the presence of a single example of inconsistency. The flaws of Christians attract attention sooner than their most commendable traits. And their influence in community is evil, and that continually. Christians, therefore, professing the attainment of the highest religious experience should be jealous over the purity of their lives. They have it in their power to do vast injury to the doctrine of sanctification, or to commend it to the world by sanctions unchallenged and irresistible.—*Pittsburg Christian Adv.*

HOW A BANKRUPT PAID HIS DEBTS.

The following sketch is taken from a little pamphlet in which the author advertises to the world a very useful contrivance for raising carriage wheels. The idea of publishing an experience of sanctification in connection with such an advertisement, appeared to us, as it doubtless will to many, exceedingly novel. Knowing the author, however, as an earnest, devoted Christian, and believing him to be actuated by the sincere desire of glorifying God, we begged permission to copy this narrative into the Guide. The keen sense of obligation to pay every cent of indebtedness, and his immediate recourse to God and acknowledgment of the Divine aid in the invention itself, are points which will commend themselves to the true believer.

In this day of bankruptcy and distress, when so many are at their wits' ends to know what to do or whither to flee, this story of J. J. Pike, of Chelsea, the inventor of the Union Carriage Jack, will not be read without its interest and profit.

We commence the sketch where the author enters into his experience of the higher life:—

"In August, 1843, he heard what is really the Christian's privilege, and once more sought and found Christ precious to his soul. The frequent means of grace, especially the class-meetings, proved a great blessing to him, as week after week his testimony was given in, and instruction and encouragement received to press onward in the way to heaven.

"Thus two months passed away, in which he was fully conscious that all past sins had been forgiven, and some progress was being made heavenward; yet it required a constant struggle to keep from falling into sin and condemnation.

"When he read, 'there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' he felt that something more must be done ere he should be fitted to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem.

"At this time the Memoir of Carvosso was handed him, with this injunction,— 'Read it; it may do thee good, as it doth the upright in heart.'

"He took the book, and prayed earnestly that it might prove a blessing to him.

"Having read a part of that precious work which referred to some who had long

been professors of religion, and by an act of the mind and will were at once brought into a state of purity, these reflections were pressed upon his mind:—

" 'If those statements were not true, Carvosso could never have written them.' 'God is no respecter of persons.' And 'having purified their hearts by faith,' he is willing to 'cleanse the heart of every one that believeth.' 'He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Now, if he can purify in the hour of death, he can do it five, ten, or twenty years before death. And 'he can preserve blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,' unless the devil has the greater power.

"With these truths pressed upon the mind by the Spirit's influence, he bowed before the Lord, to ask the baptism of the Holy Spirit. So intent was the mind fixed upon this one object, that he lost sight of every other, and for the time being knew not where he was, but was fully conscious of what he was asking for. Jesus, the mediator, unveiled his smiling face, and that soul, 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness,' was filled with the divine presence.

"One year passed, and though sometimes tried and tempted, yet most of the time he was resting on the bosom of Jesus, or basking in the ocean of 'God's eternal love.' Under such an influence, the soul became transparent, and Jesus reigned supreme. But, yielding to a man-pleasing spirit,—though not without misgiving,—the vision became obscure, the clear evidence lost.

"Oh, what a loss! No one can form any idea of it, but those who have been enabled to 'pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks,' and have descended into an attitude of formal prayers and spasmodic praise. 'Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation,' was often the language of his soul; yet thirteen years elapsed ere he ceased to feel,—

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.'

"Often did he pray that the Lord would remove everything which kept that perfect love from his heart 'which casteth out all fear,' and many resolves were made to be more faithful in one place, and more watchful in another, not perceiving that he was trying to be restored 'by the deeds of the law.'

"In the financial crisis of 1857, those prayers were answered; yet, 'in a way which he thought not of.' All was swept away, and thousands that belonged to others. To one who had prided himself in meeting his liabilities promptly, this was an awful hour, and he withdrew from mortal sight, and sought relief in groans and tears. Temptations the most powerful were presented to end this conflict, and never more behold his creditors in the flesh. But He who has said, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee,' was nigh at hand, and whispered, 'Why not pray?' Earnest prayer was offered, and some relief obtained; then 'Why not make a full consecration?' was spoken to his soul.

"You have been praying the Lord to remove everything that kept you from enjoying his perfect love, and *he has done it*. Property is gone, reputation and friends are gone; now all you have to do, is to give up the *will*.' 'Yes! sure enough,' said he, 'my prayers are answered.* All is removed; and by thy grace helping, I *will* follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' No sooner was this purpose formed than all was calm and peaceful. Those raging billows of grief and anguish were changed to songs of praise and hallelujah to the Lamb. Not only was he *willing* that property should go, but rejoiced that it *was gone*.

"Whilst thus glorying in Christ his deliverer, these questions were put, as by an audible voice, 'What are you going to do with those creditors?'

"* We do not believe it *essential* that property should be sacrificed in order to *obtain or retain* the perfect love of God, except where *care and anxiety* prevent the yielding of the *will*."

"In amazement he exclaimed, 'What shall I do with them?' 'As ye would that others should do unto *you*, do ye even so to them,' was whispered to his conscience. 'Yes,' said he, 'that is good doctrine.' 'But,' says the interrogator, 'what would you have others do to *you*? What *have you* required of them? Was it to pay twenty-five cents on a dollar, and cheat you out of the remainder?'

"No!" said he. I never requested *that* of any one; but rather that they should pay *all* as soon as possible.' He at once saw the will of God in regard to him, and exclaimed, 'I *will* pay *all*, though it take me my lifetime to accomplish it.'

"An abiding peace was restored to the soul, which all of earth's treasures could never purchase, and a fixedness of purpose which often found utterance in the language of the poet:—

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It hath no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free."

"Faith was often tried to its utmost limit, and he constrained to cry out, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Yet in the last extremity deliverance would come, and then the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' gave fresh courage to press onward to new victories.

"Success, in a measure, crowned his efforts, although evident at the expiration of three years that much more time would be required than at first anticipated. Whilst congratulating himself on what had been done, the all-wise Ruler saw fit that another test should be given,—another loss followed.

"He found, on examination, after this last affliction, that, judging from the past, thirty years more would be required to fulfil his allotted task, to 'owe no man anything.' Disheartening as it might well appear, yet there was a constant impression on the mind that deliverance *would* come. How, by whom, or in what manner, he

could not conjecture; but still it was unalterably fixed. Thus,

“ ‘Hoping against all human hope,
Self-desperate he believed.’ ”

“ THE INVENTION.

“ All at once an instrument, which he had used for many years, seemed to him very poorly adapted to the end designed. He strove to relieve his mind and facilitate his daily labor by inventing a machine appropriate to accomplish the work to which it was applied. Two weeks were spent in this study in arranging and rearranging, and many plans formed, ere the thought, which proved to be the *right one*, occurred to him. A drawing was immediately made and exhibited to friends, who saw its superiority, and urged him on to its completion. The perfect success of the machine, when put to a practical test, and the admiration of the people, confirmed his convictions that the divine hand was stretched out to deliver, and he ascribes all praise to him who has said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.’ Account for it in any other manner, and all is mystery. That just at this crisis, after three years of the most rigid economy, then to find that thirty years more would be required; and in addition to this, friends ever saying, and devils reiterating the same, that ‘*You never can accomplish it,*’ and then to have deliverance come in such a manner,—how else can it be accounted for, except on the ground that an over-ruling Providence directed, in fulfilment of his promise, that in every emergency ‘He will provide a way of escape.’ ”

“ Those liabilities are not yet *all met*; but the thing appears sure, and faith is well-nigh changed to sight.

“ ‘Faith, *simple faith*, the promise sees,
And looks to *that alone*;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it *shall* be done.’ ”

“ Truly, is there anything too hard for the Almighty? He who prepared a sacrifice for Abraham; who sustained the Hebrews in the fiery furnace; who sent his angel to shut the lions’ mouths, that they should have no power over Daniel, can work wonders still, even with the weakest instrumentality, that his name may be glorified.”

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurling me,
Toiling along life’s broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To Thee I come—ah! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only Thou canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest—Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

’Tis earth, not heaven; ’tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

GOD SPEAKS IN HIS WORD.

"I will hear what God, the Lord, shall speak; for he will speak peace to his people and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly."
—David.

IF we would profit by reading the word of God, we should come with that earnest desire to hear what *He* will say which the Psalmist had, abstracting the mind from all else, and listening attentively for that one purpose. As we take it up, such thoughts as these should occupy our minds: "Now I am about to commune with God, to consult him, and hear what he will say. I want my mind clear, my thoughts free, and nothing to turn my attention in the least, lest I lose or misconstrue a single word: for every word of God is of vast import. I want, too, 'the eyes of my understanding enlightened,' that I may see clearly the wondrous things he is about to teach me." Such should be our prayer.

"He will speak peace to his people, and to his saints." The state of mind arising from the consciousness of having become reconciled to God, and been made a "partaker of his holiness," of being one with him, a co-worker in saving souls, in promoting holiness on earth, is emphatically *peace* — the peace of God that passeth understanding. When the whole being is laid upon the altar, made a living sacrifice, God accepts. The tumultuous waves of passion are stilled, and peace flows through the soul like a river. This was among the last bequests of the Saviour to his followers: *peace, his peace, with tribulation* in the world, but at the same time the cheering assurance "*I have overcome the world;*" so *we* by faith in him receive power also to overcome. Oh, what *riches of grace* in Christ Jesus! *infinite, rich grace, free to all!*

"But let them not turn again to folly." It is clearly implied that in turning away peace is not spoken to the soul; that is

not in God's order, which is first purity, then peace. "In *keeping* the commands is great reward;" and as surely as God speaks peace to those who walk with and abide in him, so surely shall disquiet and unrest be spoken to those who turn away backward from the holy commandment; to those of whom it may be said, as of some when Christ was upon earth, "they went away and walked no more with him." The Saviour, methinks, speaks in my heart, "Will ye also go away?" My heart replies, "To whom, Lord, shall I go? *thou* hast the words of eternal life."

"Depart from thee? 'tis *death*, 'tis *more*,
'Tis *endless ruin* — deep despair."

EASY LIVING.

The following extract from a private letter to the senior editor speaks for itself. It reveals the secret of making a religious life comparatively easy. How light would life's burdens and temptations be, if, with the writer, we *dwelt* in God and enjoyed constantly his refreshing presence.

I SHALL not make any apology for addressing you. I can only say that it refreshes my soul to tell a dear brother or sister the experiences of my inner life; and it is very seldom I have an opportunity to *converse* with such on the theme dearest my heart. Our class meeting last evening was a precious season to my soul; I was indeed fed with heavenly manna; and you, who so well understand the operations of the Spirit, can tell me, by my feeble and imperfect expression of feelings then and what I may now say, whether I am altogether right. I am, as you know, of an exceedingly impulsive and enthusiastic nature, which has led me for the last twelve years to often doubt my state; though I never lost the evidence that I was a child of God. For the last two years my course has been steady; not always in the high state of enjoyment I have had for a few weeks past, though the Lord often permits me to be on Pisgah's top

and to catch glorious glimpses of the land beyond. I said last evening, Jesus was with me constantly; no matter where I am, I am conscious of his presence in my soul. As I walk the busy streets of the city or amidst the toils and temptations of my daily life, I turn to that dear Guide for aid. You cannot imagine, dear brother, how weak I am naturally, and yet with my life hid in Christ I am strong. The worldly cannot understand the life-giving impulse which enables me to bear the heaviest burdens. There are times when it seems as if I could not tarry longer here. It is not that I am unhappy or unwilling to suffer, if it be God's will; no, —

“Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.”

And oh! such seasons as I have at night; I always, or at least for more than a year past, fall asleep with these words in my heart, repeating them silently, —

“The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?”

the last two particularly; and as I close my eyes, I think how glorious it would be to awake in the presence of this dear Shepherd. It is easy to live thus, dear brother. As a wife and mother I have many daily temptations and trials; and sometimes in the morning the day's labors and duties before me seem heavier than I can bear. I go to Jesus. He does not lessen the burdens, but he gives me grace and strength. I am naturally very quick tempered; but I have long ago ceased to feel the least rising of it. My temptations are all from without. The hasty word, the impatient act, so frequent in former years, are all gone. They cannot occupy the same heart with Jesus. Am I not in the highway of holiness? Not me, poor sinner, unworthy the least notice, but Christ within me, purifying the temple, and stamping his image there. Oh! what forbearance and love! — what condescen-

sion to take such a sinner from the bondage of sin, and year after year mercifully bear with unfaithfulness; removing idols, digging around the apparently barren tree, and all that it may eventually bear fruit to his honor and glory. And shall I not bear fruit? Oh yes; my humblest efforts will be accepted of Him, who in faithfulness hath promised that not a cup of cold water shall be given in his name without its reward; while the nearer I live to God the more lowly and humble I feel myself to be.

HEART MUSIC.

Music, I love thy sacred power,
So fraught with joy, with calm delight;
Yes, harmony is sweet indeed,
When nature's voices all unite; —
More sweet than aught earth can impart,
Is heavenly music in the heart.

MUSIC is truly one of the choicest blessings the all-wise Father ever conferred on mortals. A something is connected with it which seems to soothe the angry passions, and whispers peace to the troubled heart.

Ever has the influence of music been acknowledged by the wise and good of all ages. Before Eden's discordant note was struck, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The sweet singer of Israel felt its magic power even in early youth, when away from the society of all save the cheering voice of his harp's soft melodies.

In after years, when death had almost claimed him as its victim, 'twas music with its captivating charms that stayed the hand of the destroyer. “And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hands: so Saul was refreshed, and was well; and the evil spirit departed from him.” It has often been employed to express the most refined and delicate susceptibilities of the human heart.

How does the mind love to turn to the Saviour, and that last supper with his dis-

ciples, where they "sang a hymn" and then repaired to the Mount of Olives. What a holy calm must have filled their souls as that last hymn was being sung. Methinks angels bowed their heads — listened to those sweet sounds.

What can be compared with its sacred voice when heard in the sanctuary? If this were all that could prove attractive, would not its holy influence alone be sufficient to lead men to that sacred place, —

"Where lowly voices together blend,
And their mingled tones above ascend?"

Ay, there is heart-music, music too rich for expression, — harmony that must be enjoyed to be understood; peaceful lays played on the heart-strings, whose melting strains, as they reach and ring through the chambers of the enraptured soul, seem to stir the very depths of our being. Well may the heart grow "strangely happy" while enjoying the smile of the infinite Father. "His presence makes our paradise."

Yes, Jesus deigns within the heart to dwell
Of erring mortals, oft oppressed with care,
And sweetly whispers to the weary soul,
"Thy every burden I will gladly bear."

The Holy Spirit comes within to reign,
And bids the heart its every discord cease;
'Tis when it reigns without a rival there,
Then heavenly music chants of "perfect peace."

Sweet symphonies, akin to those above,
Throughout the temple of the soul resound,
When heavenly love harmonious rules within,
Delight and gladness echo all around.

But when the sacred lyre within is hushed,
A wilderness so lone this earth appears,
Till comes the sacred "Comforter" again,
To bless, and scatter all our gloomy fears.

There comes a voice from one of pleasure's throng,
'Tis naught but frenzy of the brain he says;
He feels not ever and anon these joys,
Nor breathes their sweet seraphic harmonies.

Oh! tell me not, the heart no music feels;
List to that heavenly charm, — that sweeter voice, —

Ay, now the soul delighted hears entranced, —
"Ye men and angels, evermore rejoice!"

THE GRADATIONS OF LOVE.

1. LOVE.
2. LOVE THYSELF.
3. LOVE THY NEIGHBOR *as* thyself.
4. LOVE SOCIETY *more* than thyself.
5. LOVE GOD *MORE* than *Self, Neighbor, Society*, and all things else.

1. LOVE. There is nothing like LOVE! And immensity echoes, nothing like LOVE! And eternity echoes, nothing like LOVE! Here, then, is one unquestioned and unquestionable truth.

LOVE is the excellence of all things! It is the perfection of all the unsmitten orbs in the universe — the beauty of their home-bloom and the glory of their distant splendor. It is the perfection of all their unfallen inhabitants — the charm of their persons and the honor of their institutions. A world of love is the best world. A being of love is the best being. The art of love is the best art. The science of love is the best science, the philosophy of love is the best philosophy. The poetry of love is the best poetry. The government of love is the best government. The religion of love is the best religion. There is no name higher than the name of Love. The Christian is the child of Love. The church is the home of Love. The Bible is the book of Love. With infinite reverence we would add — JESUS CHRIST IS JUSTIFYING LOVE; the HOLY SPIRIT IS SANCTIFYING LOVE; the FATHER IS GLORIFYING LOVE. In one word — "GOD IS LOVE." O how we love LOVE! We love to see Love! We love to hear Love! We love to feel Love! We love to think of Love! We love to talk of Love! We love to write of Love! We love to read of Love! Sometimes we wish for more health, and sometimes for more knowledge; but what we most want, and should most desire, and most seek, is — more LOVE! If our readers have indulged our sentimentalism thus far, we hope for their continued attention to a few remarks on the gradations of Love.

2. *Love THYSELF.* No one will *object* to this object of Love. All will admit that self-love is perfectly natural, easy and right. Every man will admit it, for himself; every woman for herself; every child for itself. And thus we have the pleasure of beginning with an exhortation which every one is willing, ready, and happy, to obey—*so willing, so ready, so happy!* Verily the lover of self is enchanted by a passion even more magical than that of Jacob for Rachel. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachael; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." But self-love would make the lifetime of Methuselah shorter yet.

Still, how few of all love themselves *aright*. The great majority love only, or chiefly, the BODY. How they *feed* it, *sleep* it, *dress* it, *show* it, *doctor* it, *travel* it, *exercise* it, *repose* it! How they pet its senses, *smelling*, *tasting*, *hearing*, *seeing*, *feeling*! Others regard, with similar exclusiveness, the MIND. Most prize *tact*, cultivate *tactics*, and become great *tacticians*; many admire *talent*—*loan* talent to *learning*—and, adding interest to principal, grow *very talented*; while a few exult in *genius*, undervalue tact and talent, and pride themselves in their *instant accuracy* of *perception*, the *inexhaustible variety* of their *images* of *beauty* and *sublimity*, and their *analytical* and *generalizing* powers of *reason*. Others almost as wholly and wrongly attend to the HEART. Among these are *faithless* and *frigid moralists*, *sickly sentimentalists*, and *haughty* and *vengeful honorists*. Such hints must suffice.

Alas! these lovers of self are the subjects of self-defusion, self-indulgence, self-sufficiency, and in danger of self-destruction. Genuine self-love is good and glorious. It is not partial; but includes the whole nature, physical, intellectual, moral; and the whole interest, eternal as well as temporal. It devotes duly proportioned culture to each great con-

stituent. It implies self-knowledge; or self-understanding and self-appreciation of our origin, character, condition, duty, destiny. It is self, conscious of sin. It is self, repenting toward God. It is self, believing in Christ. It is self, submitting to the Spirit. It is self, obeying the Bible. In a word, it is self-denial for self-redemption. It labors to prepare the body for immortal glory and grace; to discipline the mind for the attainment of boundless wisdom and knowledge; and to cleanse and refresh the heart, even here, with the first gushings of the final fulness of perfect holiness and joy. He loves himself best who gives most "diligence to make (his) calling and election sure." This is true self-love; and, in this sense, no man can love himself too much.

3. *Love thy NEIGHBOR AS thyself.* Here we enter a region of difficulty. Nature starts up against us. Why? Why does the sky darken?—the mountain flame?—the valley shake?—the sea foam?—the wind rave? Why does man unite these tokens of displeasure in his own deportment? Be quiet. It is the still, small voice of God. Cover your faces with your mantles. Harken humbly. Consider calmly. And why not love thy neighbor *as thyself*? Is he not the *same* as *thyself*—in origin, character, duty, destiny? Shouldst thou not then love him, even in the *same way* and to the *same degree* in which thou hast exercised self-love? If necessary for thee to *repent*, is it not equally so for him?—to *believe*—so for him?—to *submit*—so for him?—to *obey*—so for him? If important for *thee* to be redeemed, is it not equally so for *him*? True, thou answerest, but I employed the means and secured the object myself; let my neighbor do the same himself. What! did no one *persuade* thee? No *one*—mother, father, sister, brother, wife, husband, friend, preacher? No *one*—by eye, voice, hand, book, example? Did no one

even *try*? What then? Keep the work going. Persuade thy neighbor; at any rate, try to persuade him. If thou lovest him to the same degree in which thou hast loved thyself, thou mayest be, *almost*, almost *quite*, sure of success. If thou dost long for his salvation as thou didst for thine own; and pray for it, as thou didst for thine own; and toil for it, as thou didst for thine own — how can he resist? But, it may be objected, such love would keep us always longing, praying, toiling. Exactly. But is not the end worth the cost? Certainly. Besides, what better can we do? Nay, what is there that equally deserves to be done? He must be wiser than the wisest who can tell. A moment's reflection causes profoundest convictions that such uninterrupted exertion of body and soul is incomparably dignified, joyous and useful.

But is love for our neighbor to be confined to spiritual things? No more than self-love. Yet, if it so act first, it will be the more likely to operate suitably in all other respects. Who could desire, seek, and witness his neighbor's deliverance from sin, and then, being one with him in justification, regeneration, adoption, and heirship, defraud him of his property, detract from his reputation, deprive him of his liberty, or in any way oppress him in his person or relations? Nay, who, under such circumstances, instead of rendering the least harm, would not offer all possible help? Who would not say in every appropriate case, — I can make money enough both for necessity and charity — let me assist him to do the same; I am honored with general respect — let me introduce him to even greater regard; I am free — let me do all in my power to make him free also; I am in health — let me cheer his sickness; or, whatever his wants, let my abundance sustain him.

This is the true tendency of the principle, and as admirable as natural. For the spiritual redemption of our neighbor being first secured, there will be every encour-

agement to afford him temporal relief. We may be generous, without fear of confirming vice and idleness. Every attention will be rewarded by instant co-operation and evident and grateful improvement. But, it may be objected, such a spirit would prompt us to unceasing efforts, not only for the conversion of the unconverted, but also for their prosperity; and so we should have nothing to do but spend our lives in homeing the homeless, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, refreshing the thirsty, cherishing the sick, visiting the imprisoned, instructing the ignorant, refining the coarse, elevating the low, bringing the obscure to light, and, in a word, not only associating with the neglected and wretched, but doing everything in our power to exalt them to an equality with ourselves! Well, would you grieve to do that? Rather should you rejoice in your ability, and thank God for your success. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich." Surely his disciples should be

"More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

O, if you *can* raise them lose not a moment! Up with them! high — higher — and higher yet! — the higher the better. How strange that there should be so much fear of doing too much good by loving our neighbor as ourselves! A rich man who relieves a poor family of some new and pressing but transient perplexity is esteemed benevolent; but if he should remove the causes of their common depression, and place them in a condition somewhat similar to his own, he would be regarded as eccentric or stigmatized as crazy. Yet who does not see that the luxuries of wealth and the pinchings of poverty are alike unchristian; and that there is a medium estate of comfort in which all may and ought to be essentially equal?

4. *Love SOCIETY MORE than thyself.*

Some time ago we stated these gradations to an old minister, and, lo! to this one he objected! We offered a word of reason, and a word of Scripture to sustain it, but still, he could not, and did not, agree to it! He is disposed to think over such matters for a long time; and, if he did not regard it as of no importance, he may have thought again of this, and perhaps differently. At any rate, we hold it, as we suppose the church universal and the universal world hold it, to be strictly correct. Did not our friend misunderstand it?

How would an arithmetical argument do in such a case — a sort of moral rule-of-three process? — If I am bound to love *one* neighbor as myself, how much must I love two, ten, a hundred, a thousand, or a million of neighbors?

But let us apply the law to the three great forms of society — the domestic, the civil, and the spiritual.

Here is a man at the head of a *family*. His wife looks upon him with affection as unwearied and pure as the light of the stars. His boys and girls are around him, equally sprightly and obedient. It is natural for him to love them as himself. Nay, is it not even *natural* for him to love them even *more* than himself? What would be thought of him, and said of him, and as rightly as severely, if it were seen that he could not prefer his family to himself? Is not the very supposition of such selfishness too repulsive to be dwelt upon? Would not even a heathen blush to detect himself in such a predicament? What, then, would be expected of a Christian? Surely the heart needs no argument. Natural love decides the question, and spiritual love confirms the decision.

Consider, then, the case of a *citizen*. His own interest, whether little as a matter of money, or great as one of life, comes into a sort of competition with that of the city or State in which he lives, or of the whole Union. What now? One must be preferred to the other. Which shall

it be? Which shall he love the more — himself, or the city? — himself, or the state? — himself, or the country? What childish questions are these! What is patriotism but the preference of the general good to that of an individual? It would be an endless task to cite practical examples of this spirit. Millions have perished for their country, and millions more, if need were, would do the same. The only grief, in this connection, is, that so many have died for the temporal welfare of their country, without having first given proper attention to their own eternal welfare; in comparison with which, the former, however great may have been the multitudes concerned, is nothing. But if sinners are so self-sacrificing, what should Christians be?

Look, then, at the *Church*, also. And what now? Shall not a Christian love the church more than himself? "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die," says the apostle, "yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die." Some would, and these would be noble examples. They would show the utmost extent of human love. "For greater love hath no man than this," says the Redeemer, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." But to this extent it is our duty to go, whenever proper circumstances demand it. Therefore the law, in the same connection — "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." If any one should be so cold-hearted or so faint-hearted as to refuse even this last and greatest sacrifice, the Blessed Book of Love, with all its examples of Love, the Lord of Love himself being at their head, would sore rebuke him; and the special apostle of Love would address him in this language: "Hereby perceive we the love of God (rather CHRIST), because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." This has been done — and is yet done — done almost daily. It is done in every Christian country on

earth — and in every missionary station among the heathen — and in the progress of a thousand journeys and voyages from one to the other. How many names have thus become sacred and immortal — as of Henry Martyn among men, and Harriet Newell among women. They die in the desert. They die on the deep. Beasts of prey howl over them, or cannibals tear their flesh. It is done in our country. It is done, doubtless, in every church in the country. Life may be sacrificed at home, as well as abroad; and by self-consuming zeal as well as by savage violence. Nay, while the life yet lasts, there are opportunities for other and indisputable demonstrations of greater love for the church than for self. What! are there not many among us, both of the laity and ministry, whose conduct proves to us that they love the church more than themselves? Why else do they suffer reproach, contempt, neglect, want, fear, and other grievances? Why else do they hold themselves aloof from the accumulated enjoyments, and varied and extensive means of usefulness, and comparative ease, honor and abundance, often tempting them in other spheres? Are they not giving daily evidence, by tears, and toils, and pains, that they love the church more than themselves? And it is right that it should be so. Shame to the man who would not gladly do it, and as long as necessary! The only evil is that *all* are not like them. If they were, how soon would our narrow precincts present one of the busiest, and happiest, and most flourishing regions in all the vineyard of the Lord! How merrily should we sing! How rapidly should we gather the ripe clusters! How pleasant would be our intervals of repose! And how sweet it would be to quaff the new wine! Then would our sorrows be forgotten! Then would our joys abound! But this is too light a turn. Yet the serious truth is obvious, and it makes one feel light to think of it. For if the zeal of all were equal to that of a few —

if self-interest were universally subservient to church-interest — if all energies were united in advancement of the common cause — how would the anxieties of the suffering be allayed! how would their labors be rewarded! and how would the church prosper! and how would the world be blest! To love more than ourselves, and to our latest breath, a church that loves its *servants as itself*, and loves *man-kind more than itself*, and loves *Christ far more than all*, and shows its love by its *works*, is a duty and a delight. But we should pray to be delivered from such affection for any church that lacks these virtues. O for light, warmth, motion, progress, power, success, salvation, and triumph!

5. *Love thy GOD MORE than SELF — NEIGHBOR — SOCIETY — and all things else.* Here, again, is an indisputable obligation. This is the first and great commandment — the supreme law of the world. All our faculties, throughout our existence, must be obedient to this requirement. “Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with *all thy HEART*, and with *all thy SOUL*, and with *all thy STRENGTH*, and with *all thy MIND*.” In other words, the love of God must subordinate to itself every *affection* of the heart, every *moment* of the life, every *fibre* of the form, and every *thought* of the mind! Such is the statute, and all possible reasons unite in urging its observance. All the attributes of the Divine character — moral, intellectual, and executive — enforce it; and so do all his *relations*, as Creator, Preserver, and Sovereign of the *universe*, and especially as our Redeemer; and so do the history of his *doings*, and the prophecy of his *designs*. These are infinitely attractive and impressive considerations. It were an endless task, or rather, if in a right spirit, an endless delight to exhibit them in a manner at all indicative of their true glory. We will only add, that he who loves God most, loves most himself, his neighbor, and society. Whatever else we may love, let

us be sure to *keep ourselves in the love of God*; ever ready, at his call, to work or rest, go on or stop, suffer or rejoice, live or die! His will be done, here and everywhere, now and forever!

"Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!"

EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee, to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee, —
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all — the air, the bird, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
The earth's glad orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in his impressions of continual polar light in the Arctic regions, remarks, that he was "tired of unending daylight — of such perpetual sunshine." There is such sunshine that is beautiful to enjoy. It springs from a lively, genial temper. How pleasant to meet the glad sparkle of the eye, or the pleasant smile of such! They speak of a mind contented, of a heart at rest. The heart renewed by divine grace is full of perpetual sunshine. Everything is recognized as the handiwork of the Creator; everything is received as a gift from our Heavenly Father. Every thought and aspiration is in unison with all that is pure and holy. Oh! the sunshine of such hearts is worth having. How it soothes the care-worn and weary ones, who are just ready to yield to despair; how cheering to those who have long struggled against adverse fortune, giving them strength, and inspiring them with fresh courage to endure life's conflict to the end.

Perpetual sunshine! may it ever be ours, and shed its beams into every heart that now lies in dark shadows.

DEVELOPMENT OF LOVE TO GOD:
ON WHAT IT DEPENDS.

It is not enough recognized that development of love depends very largely upon the manifestation in which we have been taught to behold God. The law of cause and effect is nowhere more stringent than here. If you have been taught to look at God in manifestations not calculated to produce the feeling of love, the experience will be deficient and void. If you have been taught to look at God in such manifestations as have a tendency to produce affection, then the experience will be ample and strong. Some views produce fear, veneration, dread, awe, reverence. Others produce intellection and admiration. Still others produce nearness, sympathy, trust, yearning, love. A conception of God as a simple spirit, governing, judging, sovereign, immutable, produces its legitimate and invariable fruit. God is first, chiefest, terrible in the greatness of his power; and, as the Judge and Ruler of men, he should inspire awe and trembling; but if that is the aspect in which you almost always look to God, you will experience the natural result. You will perpetually be tending to bow down and tremble before him.

The aspects of God that make him simply an attributal God, represented by analysis, and presented to the understanding so that the divine conception is taken in merely and purely as an idea, are not the aspects that are given in the Bible. He is always represented there as a person that is composite, and represented by what he says and does, and not as a person that is to be analyzed and represented by alphabetic, elementary attributes. If you have this awe-inspiring conception of God; if you have a theologized idea of God, you will have ideas and conceptions, but not much sensibility and feeling.

One thing further. If you conceive of God as a spirit, without form; if he is to you a vast brightness; if you contemplate him as an idea rather than as some substantial form and verity, the mind will take hold of that in some degree, but it will never tend to work affection. The more vast and the more vague the divine presentation is, the more does it inspire fear, and awe, and veneration. Sublimity implies more or less of uncertainty or ignorance; and just in the proportion in which you literalize the thoughts or conceptions of the mind, in that proportion the feeling of sublimity dies out. When you desire to have the mind filled with mysterious soul-quaking emotions, lift up the splendor of God, think of him ideally, and conceive of him only as a vast unformed being. But if you examine the necessity of love, you will find that it is to clasp. Love takes hold. Love never stands with folded hands afar off. It is the elementary condition of love that it twines, as a vine; that it reaches out, as a mother's hand; that it goes toward the object loved, as a child toward a parent. And in order to have the affection of love developed, there must always be definiteness of conception, something that the soul can take hold of and clasp. If you present to a man a view of God that cannot be brought near to him personally, he may admire, revere, and tremble before it; but if the heart is to love God, there must be such a presentation of him that the thoughts can take hold of it familiarly, though reverently.

Hence, I suppose, the mystery of the incarnation. God was brought into the human condition, that we might take hold of the thought of his nature — a thing that we can never do so long as we regard him as merely a spirit. I doubt whether any person can love spirit, conceived as spirit. In the first place, you cannot conceive it; and in the next place you could not love it, if you did. You might be conscious of having affections produced;

but they would not be those of love, and personal confidence, and trust. And when God appeared in the flesh, he translated himself, as a noble sentiment of poetry is translated from one language into other languages, that they who are acquainted with those languages may receive it through the vehicle through which they are accustomed to receive instruction. God, dwelling in heaven in his own proper conditions, was pleased to compress himself, or, as it is said, lay aside his glory. He suffered compression into the human condition, not because that was best for the purposes of divine government, but so that he could be presented to men as an object of their love in Jesus Christ.

And this leads me to say, as the sum of this head, that if you think of God as *God*, I doubt whether you will ever be greatly exercised with love toward him. But if it is your habit to think of your Maker as *Christ*, your mind will naturally fall into that condition in which God designed to make himself manifest to his creatures as an object of affection. Judging by those that come under my ministry from other teachings, I should say that there are hundreds and thousands that have been educated to fear God, where there is one that has been educated to love the Saviour. In listening to the prayers of men, I have noticed that very few pray to the Saviour. The conversation of Christians is such as to show that the number is small of those who have their life hid in Christ. In the intercourse that I have had with persons, as their pastor, dealing with their individual cases, the want that I have found more than any other has been the want of that definiteness of relation to the Lord Jesus Christ which is the only foundation on which you can build up a superstructure of understanding love. The first great difficulty, therefore, which I mention, as a hindrance to a Christian life, is that men are trying to love God instead of the Saviour.

Well, are they not the same? Just

the same—in this sense: that though they are different persons, they represent precisely the same attributes. But they are not one in the sense of having the same relation to your apprehension and faith. I may take the sentence, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,” and speak it to you in Hebrew, and it will be nothing to you. If I translate it into English, and speak it to you, it will be the same thing, only it will have a different relation to your understanding. The same thing which spoken in Hebrew falls void on your ear, when spoken in English lights up your soul with a meaning. God, in his relations to the universe as the Father, the Head, the Judge, doubtless stands addressed to all the spirit-world with a comprehensibleness that we know nothing of. But when God would come to us, he presents himself under the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ; and instantly we say, “Brother, Friend, Redeemer.” He is brought within the conditions in which our minds are accustomed to act, and there is definiteness and clarity of vision. If, then, you have been trying to love God as a spirit, stop and try to love Christ. Endeavor to fix your mind upon God as Christ. The portraiture of Christ is in the experience. We are to walk there, and behold him presented to us, not abstractly, but as he was seen in Jerusalem, talking, and loving, and weeping, and performing deeds of mercy. Then we shall get such an aspect of God that it will be easy to draw near to him in thought and in affection.

Some persons have been so taught as to be afraid to do this. Many persons have been taught in the Unitarian scruples, and they have said to me, “I dare not give to Christ that which seems to me to belong to the Father.” I have sometimes said to them, “What you call Father, I call Christ. You take from the Lord Jesus Christ every single one of those elements that you call Father.” Then, putting that name on them, you are not afraid to

worship them. But when another name is put upon precisely the same elements and attributes, which renders them more tangible and less difficult to be understood, then you are superstitious and scrupulous about worshipping them. Now, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit, are such that no one can worship either of them without worshipping them all. Whatever goes to the Spirit goes to the Godhead; whatever goes to Christ goes to the Godhead; and whatever goes to the Father goes to the Godhead; and the only question is as to facility of access to the Godhead by one or another of the persons of the Holy Trinity. And I think experience shows that access to God is easiest through Christ. In Christ, therefore, our love of God should begin. Moreover, the Saviour is presented to us on the side of help, with relations to us personally, having come for the satisfaction of the law, and having made expiation for our sins. This is an added reason why we should love him in the first instance, rather than the Father.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour before with confident hopes of his speedy recovery; hopes which were shared by the surgeon and the wounded man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg the chaplain to make the fearful announcement to the dying man.

He was soon at his side, but, overpowered by his emotions, was utterly unable to deliver his message. The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chaplain, his faltering voice and ambiguous words. He had not before entertained a doubt of his recovery.

He was expecting soon to see his mother, and with her kind nursing soon to be well. He was therefore entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

"I am to die, then; and—how long?"

As he had before expressed hope in Christ, the chaplain replied, "You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river."

"Yes, but this is so awfully sudden! awfully sudden!" His lips quivered; he looked up grievingly—"And I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier; and when the eyes opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now, will you pray with me?"

With swelling emotion and tender tones

the chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So thought perhaps the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said, "Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out; go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you," was the firm response. "Amen," trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "Gone." Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

SPRING-TIME IN THE HEART.

NINE parts out of ten of your griefs are cured the moment you accept with cheerfulness the lot which God has appointed you in this life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of a thousand of human trouble are only rebellion; and the moment a soul says, "God, thy will be done," that moment its trouble is over, and the time of the singing of birds has come to it. Some of God's most heroic soldiers are bedridden ones. Look at that sweet child of eighteen, full of aspiration and hope, to whom has been denied, not loving father, not loving mother, not sisters and more than anxious brothers, but health. She has made a weary fight for years, and at last she says, "If God has planted me to grow as a nightshade here; if I am to be a flower in the forest, that knows no sun; if it is here that God wants me to show patience and zeal, then I am content with my lot; I accept it, and I will ask and

expect nothing more. Let this be my sphere of duty, and let my life be spent on the bed, the couch, the cot, if God wishes it. If sickness be God's will, even so. His will be done, not mine." The time of the singing of birds has come to such a heart. To such a heart spring has come, and summer is not far off. Such I have seen.

I HAVE MY TICKET.

I WAS lately passing the railway station at Worcester, when a young man entered the carriage where I was. As he sat down, I took out my ticket, and showed it to him, saying, —

"Young man, I have my ticket."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I see you have it."

I then added, "I do not *hope* to have it. I have not now to ask for one, or to wish I had a ticket. I have it; that is a certainty. Just in like manner, I have salvation. I do not *hope* I may some day or other be saved; I have not to ask how to be saved; I *have* salvation. Through God's unspeakable mercy I am saved."

The young man looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Well, this is very strange; I could have got to Birmingham for about half the fare by the other line; but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I felt I must get into this carriage. Now I tell you there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing you say. He says he 'has eternal life;' and, mind you, he not only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Bless you, he has no fear of death at all; and when he has any trouble, this having 'eternal life' makes him so quiet and happy, that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not. And no matter how we chaff him, we cannot touch him; for he tells us he has found 'eternal life' by reading and believing the Bible. For myself, I must tell you I used

to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow, when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, thou canst not give me eternal life;' and I felt so miserable I banged the book on the floor."

As he uttered this sentence, he suited the action to the word with great earnestness, and then putting his hand in his side-pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a pocket Bible, and said, "I have now got the book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I have it. I want to feel that I have it."

I said to him in reply, "When the clerk laid your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say, 'I must first feel that I have it, before I take it?' or did you first take it, and then feel that you had it?"

"Oh!" said he, "I now see how simple it is. I must first *receive* salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it."

LAUS DEO.

EVERLASTING praises
To the Father be!
Everlasting praises
To the Saviour be!
Everlasting praises
To the Spirit be!
Everlasting praises
To the blessed Trinity!

Everlasting praises
For the Father's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Saviour's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Spirit's love!
Everlasting praises
To the three, — one God of love!

LIVE FOR GOD.

LIVE, live for God,
And toil a world to save!
Live, live for God,
Nor heed the coming grave!
The time, the place, the way,
He knows them all;
Do well thy work to-day,
And wait his call.

HOLINESS AND THE MINISTRY.

DOCTOR CLARKE'S VIEWS.

We clip the following from "*The Irish Evangelist*," an excellent and very ably conducted paper, published monthly, by the Wesleyan Methodists of Ireland.

We like to contemplate a man in the light of his impromptu sayings and doings. They give us the key of his character. They seem to show his heart, as it were, in *dishabille*. In this view we are particularly pleased with this letter, because, very evidently, Dr. Clarke had no idea of the publication of it, written, as it was, in the confidence of a mutual friendship, to his young friend, Mr. Tackaberry, at the instance of the latter, who had asked his counsel on a course of reading for himself.

The spirit of the advice here given is well worthy of being pondered and acted upon by each of us in the ministry, whether old or young. — EDS.

THE following valuable letter was addressed by DR. CLARKE to the late Rev. FOSSEY TACKABERRY. Mr. Tackaberry went out to travel in 1823, and hence was in his fifth year when he received this letter. He prized it greatly, and often referred to it as having had a most powerful influence upon his mind and character. The original is now before us, and we have pleasure in copying it for our readers. It will be read with interest, not only because of its venerable author, of whom Ireland may well be proud, but on account of the amiable, gifted, and devoted minister to whom it was addressed. It was found most carefully preserved among Mr. Tackaberry's papers.

"PINNAR, MIDDLESEX, Jan. 9, 1828.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: — You could scarcely apply to me in a time of less leisure, but I will not let your letter lie by one post without some notice. As to a *line of reading* I do not much like it; it is indefinite. In reference to myself in such a case, I would say, 'Adam, *what* are your *wants*? and *what* is your *work*?' Read those books that refer most pointedly to each. You are a *Methodist*; *holiness to the Lord* is your motto. Read what will best promote your personal godliness, — experimental Divinity — the lives of holy

men and women; of those especially who have been witnesses that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. You are also a *Methodist Preacher*; read, therefore, whatever will help you to understand the Scriptures,* so that you may be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Get thoroughly acquainted with the *History, Geography, and Chronology of the Bible*. Pardon me, for I speak as a fool. I think I have left little on these subjects to be desired after my notes are thoroughly consulted. This you have done. If you have not done it already, read over carefully *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, as abridged by Mr. Wesley, and *David Brainerd's Journal*. These two books, under God, made me a preacher. Read carefully *Prideaux's Connected History of the Jews and Neighboring Nations*; any edition from 1724 downward. The preceding editions are deficient and less correct. Make yourself well acquainted with *The Early History of Methodism*, as found in Mr. Wesley's journals. Read his *Sermons*, his small tracts, Mr. Fletcher's works, and those of Walter Sellon, together with our *Magazine*.

"It is said, 'Labor to acquire a good style, and read so and so in order to acquire it;' I add, do so, and we shall have one more added to the number of our apes, who are already too numerous, and are like spoiled children, a disgrace to themselves and no honor to their parents. All that you should do in this case, or nearly all, is, to avoid *vulgarisms, queernesses, quaintnesses, and colloquial phraseology* in general. Every sensible man has a style of his own. Attempts to *acquire a style* are attempts to cross nature and to imitate *some one* utterly unlike himself. We have here the imitators of Mr. Bunting, Mr. Watson, Mr. Benson, &c., all eminent men; but to me their imitators are supremely contemptible, as they are *neither themselves nor any one else*. Learn to speak your own language purely; copy no-

body; *affect* nothing. Speak your own language with purity, and your style will suit your feelings and your subject. Again, I say, avoid all imitations. Be FOSSEY TACKABERRY rather than *Gabriel*.

"But, oh, live near to God. Never sleep without a sense of his approbation. Preach the witness of the Spirit, and salvation from all sin. Labor to leave every congregation better than you found it. All is nothing if we live not in the life of God, and bring souls to the Lord Jesus.

"Ever, my dear brother, yours affectionately,
ADAM CLARKE."

AN INCIDENT.

"MY God, my God, I put my trust in thee; my troubles increase, my soul is distressed. I am weary and in distress. All day long I call upon thee. Oh, be thou my helper in the needful time of trouble!

"Why art thou so far from me, O my Lord? Why hidest thou thy face? I am in poverty and affliction: be thou with me, O my God! Let me not be wholly forsaken of my Redeemer!"

Thus wrote Rev. George Crabbe. He had left an unpleasant home and a distasteful vocation, and had gone to London as a literary adventurer. Having no one to introduce him to notice, his writings proved a failure, and he was obliged to pawn his watch, and even his clothes, for bread. But, in these trying circumstances, he trusted in God. This was the turning point of his life. His wants were soon relieved by the patronage of an eminent man, and, when at last he left London, there was no nobleman, statesman, or scholar to whom his society was not agreeable.

The incident is encouraging. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."